The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

DONALEE INGLIS, pianist

with guest artist

RON NELSEN, baritone

Sunday, March 15, 1981 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

From Elijah (1846). . . . . Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Der Wanderer (1819) . . . . . .Franz Schubert
Der Alpenjäger, Op. 13, No. 3 (1817). . . . . (1797-1828)
Prometheus (1819) . . . . . .

Sonata in E Minor, Op. 90 (1814). . . . . .Ludwig van Beethoven
Mit Lebhaftigkeit und durchaus mit Empfindung und Ausdruck (1770-1827)
Nicht zu geschwind und sehr singbar vorzutragen

INTERMISSION

Vision Fugitive (recitative and
Aria from "Herodiade.") (1881) . . . . . .Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Phidylé (1882). . . . . .Henri Duparc
Extase (1874) . . . . . (1848-1933)
Le Manoir de Rosamonde (1879) . . . . . .

Old American Songs, set 2 (1952). . . . . Aaron Copland (b. 1900)
The Little Horses
Zion's Walls (1942)
The Golden Willow Tree
At The River (1865)
Ching-a-ring Chaw

TRANSLATIONS

Der Wanderer

I come here from my mountains lone,
The vale is dim, the sea doth moan, the sea doth moan,
I wander still with pain and care,
And ever ask while sighting "where?" ever "where?"
The sun to me seems dim and cold,
The flow'rs are pale, and life seems old;
Their speech doth seem but empty sound,
And stranger I on foreign ground.

Where art thou, where art thou, mine own dearest land?
I seek in vain thy far off strand.
That land, that land so fresh and green,
So fresh and green, where richest roses may be seen;
Where dwell the friends I love to see, where sleep the dead so dear to me,
That land where they my language speak; O land, where art thou?

I wander still in pain and care,
And ever ask with sighing "where?" ever "where?"
A Spirit voice doth whisper near.
"The where thou art not, all joy is there!"

Der Alpenjäger

On tow'ring mountain ridges, where fresher
grows the green, To gaze o'er slopes and
ledges the drifting clouds between,
Delights the Alpine ranger, delights the Alpine ranger!
The steeper and the blinder the way that he may wander, the more he finds of danger,
The higher beats his hear, the higher beats his heart!

And thoughts of those he loveth,
From whom now far he roveth,
Yet more of joy impart, yet more of joy impart.
And while on high he gazes, before his eyes ther passes a vision sweet and kind:
The sun in golden mazes the features yonder traces, of her he left behind,
of her he left behind!

On tow'ring mountain ridges,
Where fresher grows the green, to gaze o'er slopes and ledges the drifting clouds between, Delights the Alpine-ranger, Delights the Alpine-ranger!
The steepr and the blinder the way that he may wander, the more he finds of danger,
The higher beats his hear, the higher beats his heart.

Prometheus

Then cover all your heaven Zeus, with misty clouds, and like a small boy who breaks off thistle heads, then train yourself in lofty heights; still you must allow my poor earth to stand, my little cottage that you did not build, and then my hearth with its warm glow that you so envy. Non more to be pitied are under the sun than you, you Gods!

You feed scantily with paltry offering and praying your great majesty, and you would starve if simple children and beggars were not fools most hopeless. When as a child who knew not what was to be known, I would turn my erring eyes to the sunlight, as if there would be an ear to hear my sad complaining, a heart like mine, this to have mercy on the oppressed. Who helped me from the insolence of the Titans? or from death, say, who rescued me, from slavery? this did you not accomplish alone, holy glowing heart? When you were innocent, gave thanks then, thanks for help to those asleep above there?

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Prometheus (Cont.)

You, I honour? What for? Have you yet eased any pain of those sore beladened? You, I honour? What for? Have you yet stilled the hot tears of one who is frightened? Did they not prepare me and strengthen me for manhood almighty time and fate eternal, my good Lord, and your Lord? Did you imagine that I should then hate my lifetime and flee to wasteland because all my budding dreams my ripen?

I sit here and I form mankind in my image, they shall be just I am, to grieve - to weep - to rejoice, and to enjoy themselves, and not esteem you, like me, not to esteem you, like me!

Vision Fugitive (recitative and aria from "Herodiade")

And this potion could bring such a vision before me! I could see her again in her beauty tonight! O thou divine delight,
O thou hope all too brief, that wouldst cheer my weary heat, and my reason ensnare!
Ah! flee not away, dream so heav'nly fair!

Dream so fair, dream I follow while ever "tis fleeing, Angel shadowy dim,
who reignstover my being, Ah! to see thee I aspire, O thou my love, O my desire!
Dream so fair, ever fleeing, 'Tis thou sho dost reign o'er my being could I capture
thy charms, feel thy heart beating warm, folded within my arms! Then, embracing,
to die, die in a selfsame rapture, die in a selfsame rapture - For such a flame,
transport supernal, Ah! unregretful, unmurm'ring I would give life eternal
For thee, O my love! my desire!
Dream so fair, ever fleeing! 'Tis thou who dost reign o'er my being!
Ay, to thee I aspire, thou my only love, my desire!

Phidylé

The grass is soft for slumbering
Under the cool poplar trees
By the slope of the mossy springs,
Which in the flowering meadows,
Sprouting in the thousands,
Lose themselves among the dark thickets.
Rest, oh Phidylé
Noonday on the leaves
Sparkles and invites you to slumber!
Among the clover and the thyme,
Alone in the full sunshine,
The bees hum in their flight,
A warm perfume fills the air
At the turn of the paths,
The red poppy is drooping,
And the birds, grazing the hils with their wings,
Seek the shade of the wild rosebushes.
Rest, oh Phidylé
But, when the orb
Descending in its brilliant curve
Will cool its smouldering heat.
Let your tenderest kiss
Reward me for waiting!

Extase

On a pale lily my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death...
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of my beloved...
On your pale bosom my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death...

Le Manoir de Rosamonde

With its sudden and voracious teeth,
Like a dog love has bitten me.
If you follow my blood that was shed,
You could easily find my trail.
Take a horse of good breed,
Go and follow my arduous road,
Through pitfalls and lost trails,
If the chase will not make you weary!
Passing where I have passed,
You will see that alone and wounded
I travelled over this sorrowful world.
And thus I wrought my own death
Far, far away, without discovering
The blue manor of Rosamund.